Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

When twilight is falling, and home from the mart
To my humble white cot 'neath the lindens I go,
My steps seem to chime with the love of my heart,
And I sing, as I think of the hearth fire aglow:
"There's a dear little face that is watching for me—
It's watching for me at the window alone;
The chubby cheek, pressing the casement, I see,
And the mist on the pane by the rosy lips blown!"

She's six, and she's sweet, and she's all that I own,
My joy, and my hope, and the light of my days!
Ah, richer am I than a king on his throne,
And prouder at heart than a bard with his bays!
O, dear little face that is watching for me,
That's watching for me when the night shadows fall,
My love reaches out, as I listen to thee;
Whatever star shines, thou art brighter than all!

The gate latch will click, and I'll hear my pet call:
"Oh! papa is coming!" and down from her chair
She'll step, with her curls, her dimples and all,
And fly to the doorway, to welcome me there.
Ah! sweet little face that is watching for me,
That's watching for me all the eventide through,
I wonder what life in God's great world would be,
If it weren't for such visiting angels as you?

The thought of his little ones keeps a man true.
My child is my helper, though tender and weak.
She steals on my heart with the softness of dew,
She nerves me with courage to act and to speak.
O, dear little face, fondly watching for me,
Till warm on my cheek thy child kisses are pressed,
God help me, my sweet, to grow worthy of thee,
And loving or serving, to give thee my best!

—James Buckham, in Detroit Free Press.

HER WONDERFUL BEAUTY

And the Unexpected Result of a Social Call.

IT WAS a nine days' wonder among the intimate friends of the parties principally concerned, and, notwithstanding the most extraordinary efforts to keep the matter a secret, the facts leaked out.

It appears that the young man had met her a few times at social gatherings of a mixed nature. He had sought her acquaintance and his attentions, though not obtrusive, were sufficiently marked to assure Miss Mabel Ashcraft that Hobart Wilson—for obvious reasons fictitious names are used to designate these two young persons—had become more than ordinarily interested.

He asked and obtained permission to call upon her at her home on North Hoyne avenue, and, one evening about three weeks ago, appareled in his best outfit of masculine habiliaments, including his irreproachable English full-back overcoat, overgaiters to match his necktie, balloon trousers, properly creased, and cane with head of impossible dog carved in ivory, he called.

She received him cordially, but he seemed ill at ease. The rare beauty of the young girl might well account for the glances of undisguised admiration he bestowed upon her, but those who knew Hobart Wilson would have been at a loss to understand his evident embarrassment in the presence of a pretty girl. None of them had ever seen or heard of him in the role of a bashful young man.

After a time, however, he seemed to regain his self-command.

"You will forgive me, Miss Ashcraft," he said, "if I may seem somewhat abrupt in what I am about to say?"

"Why, that depends, Mr. Wilson," she replied. "Probably—if you only seem to be abrupt."

"In the first place," he went on, "I want to assure you of my highest personal respect."

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it. Our acquaintance has been short, Miss Mabel—I may call you Miss Mabel, may I not?"

He seemed anxious on this point, and after a moment's consideration she

SHE RECEIVED HIM CORDIALLY.

bowed her lovely head. It was abrupt, but possibly not too abrupt.

"Our acquaintance, Miss Mabel," he repeated, "has been short, but when a man has fully made up his mind in regard to any matter, and has the right motives, why should he hesitate?"

"To be sure," assented the young woman, softly.

"Pardon me for speaking plainly, Miss Mabel. It is my way of doing. I wonder if you know how radiantly beautiful you are!"

"Why, Mr. Wilson, you wouldn't expect me to—"

"Expect you to say so if you did? Certainly not. But I don't believe you have any conception of it yourself. The tale your mirror tells you has become so familiar, so everyday, so fifty-times-a-day, I dare say, that—"

"Aren't you presuming a little, Mr. Wilson?"

"Not at all, Miss Mabel. I told you it was my habit to speak plainly. Besides, to all intents and purposes you have promised forgiveness. A conditional promise is binding when the conditions are complied with, and my motto in business and—and everything else is to push your credit to the utmost. I say again, Miss Mabel, I don't believe you have the faintest conception how wonderfully beautiful, how surpassingly lovely you are."

The blushes chased each other over the fair cheek and brow of Miss Mabel.

"Granting that I haven't," she replied; "what then?"

"Why, I have!" he exclaimed. "It may not be the right thing, from a practical point of view, to say so as frankly as I do, but I never take an underhanded advantage of anybody. You are the most perfectly charming creature I ever saw."

"Mr. Wilson, you—you—"

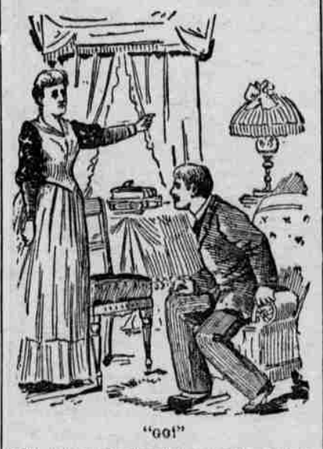
"And I am a capable judge, as I insinuated a moment ago."

"You embarrass me beyond measure, Mr. Wilson. I never—"

"No, I'll venture to say you never. There's not another man in Chicago who would do as I am doing. There's not—"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Listen, Miss Mabel. I am a prosperous man of business. I am accustomed to have things about as I want them, and, as I said just now, I never



"GO!"

take any underhanded or unfair advantage of anybody. That is why I say boldly, frankly, and yet respectfully, that you are the most bewilderingly beautiful young woman it has ever been my good fortune to meet. The moment I saw you first I said to myself: 'H. B., that is the girl you are looking for!' And I say so still. Miss Mabel, have you any previous obligations or engagements that would prevent you from considering an offer from a man of the strictest business integrity, honorable in all his dealings, well fixed in life, and abundantly able to carry out any contract he might make?"

"Mr. Wilson, this comes so suddenly, and—"

"I'll give you plenty of time to think it over, Miss Mabel. There's no great stew about it. Only I don't want some other man to step in and—"

"No great stew! I fail to understand you, Mr. Wilson. You address me with the most direct, the most embarrassing compliments I ever listened to. You ask me if I have any previous engagements, you wish to know if I am free to receive an offer—"

"Certainly."

"Yet you say there's no 'great stew about it!' It is a matter of indifference to you, after all, is it? Is that the way, Mr. Wilson, in which you have been accustomed to address young women whose favor you would gain?"

"Why, I don't remember just how I have worded the preliminaries in such cases. They don't count, anyway. I usually go straight to the point. All I want is a definite understanding, a promise, a contract, or at least a refusal, and then—"

"A refusal? Well, you are likely to get it, sir! Such egotism!"

"Egotism? What has that to do with it? It's a plain matter of business, isn't it?"

"A plain matter of business? How can you say so?"

"Now, look here, Miss Mabel—"

"Miss Ashcraft, sir!"

"Well, Miss Ashcraft, what in the world have I said that—"

"Nothing, sir, nothing! Only you have the most extraordinary way of making love I ever saw, heard of or dreamed of!"

"Making love! Great Jupiter! Who has been making love?"

"What was your object in coming to see me this evening, if I may ask?"

"My object? Suffering Job!" said Mr. Hobart Wilson, rising in extreme dejection and taking his hat. "I am the proprietor of a first-class new restaurant down town. I didn't want a wife, Miss Ashcraft. I—I—"

"Well, sir!"

"I wanted the handsomest cashier in Chicago, and I was prepared to offer a salary of—"

"Go!"

He went.—Chicago Tribune.

Hailstorms and Forests

A curious observation regarding hailstorms has been brought before the Swiss Geographical society at Geneva by Herr Riniker, the chief forester of Aargau canton. He maintains that hailstorms do not occur where there are forests, and cites the case of a small chain of mountains in the south of Aargau, known as the "Lindenberge," which, in their normal state, are completely covered with trees. About twenty-five years ago the forest was felled in two places, leaving wide gaps across the valleys and over the range, and immediately afterward the valleys were visited by devastating hailstorms. Five or six years later the larger of the two gaps was planted with firs, and since that time not a single hailstorm has been reported in that portion of the range or in the valley below, while farther up, in the neighborhood of the other gap in the forest, they still occur every year. The government is now considering the advisability of closing the gap and letting "nature take its course."—Chicago News.

MASSAGE TREATMENT.

A Minute Description of the Somewhat Painful Process.

Two hours on a masseur's operating table is an experience for any man who has not been there before. The room is small, and as you lie on your back you look up at the most amazing representations of trees on the ceiling paper that ever man gazed at.

The first lesson is a manipulation of the toes, and, really, a man who has been accustomed to regard these portions of his anatomy as modest, if somewhat obscure, members of his body physical is somewhat surprised to find how suddenly they start into prominence under the hands of the masseur.

Raising the foot by placing the left hand under the heel, the operator twiggles the toes. This word "twiggles" does not sound impressive, but it expresses the operation perfectly. There seems to be a movement throughout the foot, a sort of internal convulsion of exercise in unexpected depths, that amazes the one operated on. At the same time the sensation is pleasant, and this, combined with its novelty, makes one wish it might continue longer. Unfortunately, there are other parts of the body to be astonished, and the masseur hurries on.

In the soft music of Hawaiian speech there are no syllables dearer to the lover of ease than Somi-Somi. It means sleep after fatigue, comfort after a "chief's oven is opened," utter peace whenever you undergo it. As the strong, verile hands of a vigorous masseur creep up the leg one understands the significance of Somi-Somi. The muscles are gathered up by a curious movement of the skillful hands into bunches, gently squeezed and allowed to sink back into place. As this goes on it is accompanied by a curious circuitous movement, under which the flesh is moved in circles. Scientifically speaking, all of this work is meant to treat the flesh as you would a sponge—to squeeze it until the infinitesimal particles of waste tissue are moved or dislodged, and allowed to find their way into the veins.

The operator lifts your leg, resting it on his left hand. He seizes the foot with the right hand and does something. It is difficult to describe what this something is, but the result is that every joint in the leg rattles until the joints seem to come apart. The leg you have been accustomed to regard as decently solid seems to be the most loosely tied thing in the world, and your anger at this queer assault at that portion of your personal dignity residing in the leg would find forcible expression were it not all such an astonishing surprise.

When the masseur attacks the thigh where the muscles are big and powerful, the Japanese method comes into play. The respect one involuntarily feels for the Japanese method when he hears it is carried on by blind men, and insures the living of these unfortunates under the rule of the Mikado, vanishes when he undergoes it. The Japanese method simply amounts to the most elaborate and excruciating system of pinching one may conceive of. The flesh is gathered up by the fingers and palm, squeezed violently and sharply and allowed to go back into place. A good massage involves 132 movements a minute.

But it is just this sort of work which reduces the flesh of him who goes through with it. Briefly expressed, the object of massage is to supply to the muscles that exercise which their owner should give them but doesn't. Instead of moving these from within by one's own will, you allow some one to move them from without by seizing hold of them and working them. The result is the same; there is absorption of waste tissue and the arterial blood rushes in to supply new. Take the result when the masseur slaps the flesh with his hands hollowed into cups. In very short order there is a reddish look which shows how the capillary blood vessels have been stimulated. And this treatment of tapote, as the French call it, is that which one gets in a Turkish bath and which brings the glow which enables you to resist the cold. It stimulates the blood vessels of the skin as nothing else will.

But the stick with leather thongs fastened to an end, the flagellum—to give it the name it bore in the imperial baths in Rome when Tiberus Cæsar bathed—plays its part in massage. It is used to stimulate the skin, and although its beneficiary is irresistably reminded of his school days, it does good work.

The wrinkles which worry women and the double chin which men are seldom proud of may be greatly helped by massage. To remove the first take up between the ends of the fingers a small bunch of flesh, give it a gentle but decided twirl, and let it go. To help the second, take the skin and flesh in the same fashion, work it sharply around and finish.

But there is an especial massage for the throat which is of use in throat diseases. Like all the others it is impossible to describe it in words, as the movements are most complicated. It includes, however, a manipulation of the viens of the neck in addition to the movement of the muscles. The first impression you receive is that the masseur is trying to pry your head off, but, relieved of this apprehension, you can devote the attention to counting the new points of sensation developed.

Perhaps the most amazing experience of massage is the work done upon the backbone. Most people realize, if asked, that they have backbone, but few know the queer things the backbone can do. It is really more clever than we think. The first operation is not unpleasing. It is accompanied by a gentle kneading, under which one hears mysterious sounds that seem as though they should be familiar, but are not. But when the powerful hands of the masseur begin to work the muscles near the spine in earnest, unexpected pains and aches develope. This, you are told, is good for you; it shows something is being done, and you are disposed to agree with the latter dictum.

Finally the operator begins carefully to spread the muscles out in a thin layer, gathers them up again, shapes them into odd designs, and then—mercifully—lets them go. The repetition of the scientific explanation does not comfort you, and when you depart you feel as though a pugilist had been using you as a punching-bag.—N. Y. Continent.

A GAME FOR ALL SEASONS.

It Is Called "Badminton" and Came From England.

Badminton was invented, or originated, whichever you please, in England, but owes its present rules to the Ahmedabad Badminton club of India, which has practically revived the sport. It is a modification of lawn tennis, with some important differences, as will be seen further on, and has the advantage that it can be, and generally is, played in-doors. This makes it both a summer and winter game.

The dimensions of the court must be decided in a great measure by the capabilities of the room in which the game is played. The best size is one twenty-eight feet long by twenty feet broad. The courts should be marked off by means of pegs and strings, or better, when possible, by white chalk lines on the floor, and divided in the following way: At each end of the ground are two courts, ten feet square, while the center is formed by a piece of neutral ground eight feet broad by twenty feet long. On each of these outer lines of the neutral ground and in the center are placed the posts which support the net. The net, which is two feet to two feet six inches deep, is suspended at a height of six feet from the ground, and firmly held by guy ropes attached to posts.

The racquets used in Badminton, to be easily and quickly wielded, should be lighter than those used in lawn tennis, and consequently smaller. A shuttlecock is used instead of a ball, and may be large or small, according to the wish of the players.

In its general line, Badminton is a game played in the same fashion as lawn tennis, with the exception that from one to four persons may play on a side, and that the shuttlecock must be returned on the volley. The shuttlecock is served and returned under the same provisions, except that, of course, if the shuttlecock falls on the ground, it is counted as a miss to the player missing it, and to his side. The service shall be from the "service-corner," the server and receiver each standing with both feet within their respective quadrants until the shuttlecock is struck.

The divisions of the respective courts are only observed in the serve or first hit; after that, the partners may stand where they please, on their side of the net. The shuttlecock must be served in such a way that it falls clear over the net, without touching the net, ropes or posts, and falls inside the lines of the service-court. If the net is touched in service and the shuttlecock falls over, the stroke is considered as a "let," and does not count as a fault against the person serving. In play, however, the touching of the net by the shuttlecock, when it falls over, is counted as good stroke. If the net is touched by the racquets of the players, or if they reach over the net with their racquets, the stroke counts against them. Two faults puts "hand out." In all cases a shuttlecock falling on any of the boundary lines is regarded as a fault, as if it had fallen outside of the boundary lines, both in service and play.

Fifteen points constitute the game. In service no overhand stroke is allowed. The shuttlecock is judged by where it strikes and not by where it lies after striking. In judging whether a player has reached over the net, the umpire should be careful to note if the shuttlecock is struck before it has crossed the net and not by the racquet of the player, which is naturally carried forward by the impetus of the stroke and which might arrive at a slight angle over the net, although the shuttlecock itself was struck on the correct side. If, however, the net is touched by the racquet the stroke counts against the player, whether the shuttlecock was struck on the right side of the net or not.

As will be seen from the description, Badminton requires agility and a quick eye, rather than great strength, and it will be found to be a game at which girls can play with pleasure and profit.—Golden Days.

THE MEDICINE HABIT.

Enormous Quantities of Useless Drugs Annually Consumed.

A leading professor, in his address at the opening of a prominent medical school a few months ago, called attention to the enormous increase in the consumption of drugs in this country. The following are his words: "Think of two hundred tons of the bromides and one hundred and fifty tons of chloral hydrate being used annually! Among the causes for this may be reckoned the overcrowding of the medical profession, the multiplicity of drug stores, the establishment of free dispensaries, patent medicine advertisements, and the desire of people for medicine to work cures upon derangements of digestion, while they maintain the cause of their trouble by over eating and drinking. The public should be instructed how to properly estimate drugs, and to regard every unknown medical agent as dangerous, if not positively endowed with harm." We never miss an opportunity of placing such facts before the public. Celtus, one of the most eminent physicians of ancient times, sagely remarked in one of his works, "The best medicine is no medicine at all."—Good Health.

Healthful Popcorn.

Corn popped without butter and without salt is very wholesome provided it is eaten with the meals, but popcorn parched in a pot of boiling fat is not at all wholesome; even a little butter used for parching it as is frequently done, is unwholesome. The corn will be whiter, sweeter and in every way better without any such additions.—Dr. J. H. Kellogg.

—"So you sat just behind me," said the girl who wears large hats to the theater. "It's so odd that I shouldn't have known it. Did you like the play?" "It was 'out of sight,'" replied the young man earnestly.—Washington Post.

QUEER GREETINGS.

People Who Slap Each Other by Way of Salutation.

Among the Uvinza "when two 'grandees' meet the junior leans forward, bends his knees and places the palms of his hands on the ground on each side of his feet, while the senior claps his own hands six or seven times. Then they change round, and the junior slaps himself first under the left armpit and then under the right. But when a 'swell' meets an inferior the superior only claps his hands and does not fully return the salutation by following the motions of the one who first salutes. On two commoners meeting, they pat their stomachs, clap hands at each other, and finally shake" (i. e. take) "hands. These greetings are observed to an unlimited extent, and the sound of patting and clapping is almost unceasing.

Serpa Pinto found this ceremonial clapping in violent exercise among the Ambuellas. Paul du Chaillu reports the salute of the Ishogos to be clapping the hands together and stretching them out alternately several times.

Among the Walunga in the morning on every side a continuous clapping of hands goes on, with the accompaniment of "Kwi-tata, kwi-tata?" which is their mode of saying "How d'ye do?" If a chief passes they drop on their knees, bow their heads to the ground, clap vigorously and humbly mutter: "Kwi-tata, kwi-tata?" The clapping distinguishes the ceremony from that of mere prostration.

When the people of Londa wish to be excessively polite they bring a quantity of ashes or clay in a piece of skin, and, taking up handfuls, rub it on the chest and upper front part of each arm; others in saluting drum their ribs with their elbows; while still others touch the ground with one cheek after the other, and clap their hands. The chiefs go through the semblance of rubbing the sand on the arms, but only make a feint of picking it up.

Among the Warna, an inferior in saluting a superior takes a piece of dried mud in his right hand; he first rubs his own left arm above the elbow and his left side, then, throwing the mud into his left hand, he in like manner rubs the right arm and side, all the time muttering away inquiries about his friend's health. Each time the chief's name is mentioned every one begins rubbing his breast with mud.

From these notes the elements of the clapping pantomime may be resolved into, first, beating or slapping the arms and upper parts of the breast, sometimes rubbing them with mud—these being ancient modes of expressing grief—and afterward the noise is simulated by clapping the hands.

It is well known that many peoples act both in pantomime and with speeches to disguise their happiness, and thereby escape the notice of malevolent demons. It is also known that among certain tribes, on the meeting of friends who have been long absent, markedly when they have been in danger, the welcoming party gash their arms and breasts so as to draw blood, which placates the jealous gods on the joyous occasion. When the actions become simulated and symbolic, the claps in the examples cited may represent the wounding strokes, and the mud stains imitate those of blood. When the superstition has decayed, such actions, and afterward their simulation, may be used as any happy greetings.

It is not forgotten, however, that clapping hands is used for applause and rejoicing, as in Ezekiel, xxv., 6.

"Because thou hast clapped thine hands, and stamped with the feet, and rejoiced in heart."

But "clap at" is used with hiss in Job, xxvii., 23, and also in Lamentations, ii., 15, to signify derision. In this respect the gesture shows the general nature of gesture signs, which, according to the manner of use and the context, can be applied with many shades of significance—indeed, by very slight changes can express opposite meanings. It is at least as flexible as oral speech, which gains the same result by collocations of words and modulations of voice.—N. Y. Journal.

A Doctor's Ingenious Trick.

A curious story comes from Berlin, showing how a cheat was discovered. A man who was accused of theft set up a plea of insanity, thereby hoping to escape punishment. Prof. Mendel, a noted specialist, was deputed to examine the prisoner and report on the state of his mind. He found the man lying in bed. To all the questions put, such as how old he was, where he lived, what he was called, the prisoner invariably answered: "I don't know." Then the professor took a mark out of his purse and asked how much it was. "I don't know," was the answer, as before. The professor then asked for the prisoner's purse, out of which he took a mark, and once more the man declared that he didn't know its value; whereupon Prof. Mendel put a groschen into the prisoner's purse, while transferring the mark to his own. "Why, doctor," cried the patient, hastily, "you've made a mistake!" The imposture was made bare and the impostor convicted.—Golden Days.

A Fair Question.

Stranger—What are your rates?

Hotel Clerk—Seven dollars a day, sir.

Stranger—If I come I shall want a room on the parlor floor.

Clerk—That will be a dollar extra.

Stranger—I shall also want a fire in my room.

Clerk—One dollar more.

Stranger—And a bath.

Clerk—A dollar additional, sir.

Stranger (thoughtfully)—How much will you charge to let me leave the hotel just as I am?—Harper's Bazar.

Easily Accounted For.

Squibs (to his wife)—Here's another of my jokes returned marked "Not available." I can not imagine what the trouble is with it.

Wife (suggestively)—Perhaps you wrote it when you were out of humor.—Drake's Magazine.

HE KNEW HIS OWN ADVANTAGE.

A Gentleman With the Sun in His Eyes and His Skates On.

It was in an Indiana avenue car at about the time the shoppers are homeward bound. There was but one man in the car and he sat so twisted in his seat, with his knees widely spread, as to occupy the space of two good-sized passengers. All of the seats were filled and several ladies were standing. At Twelfth street the train stopped and there stumbled into the aisle of the car a well-dressed young man whose unsteady walk and vacant expression marked him as the possessor of what flippant youth terms a "jag." He hooked his wrist through one of the straps and swayed back and forth as the car jerked along. His eyes wandered aimlessly about the interior of the vehicle, and as he realized that there were a number of ladies standing near him, he removed his hat with his disengaged hand and muttered "'Scuse me, everybody, please. I've got my skates on and the sun is in my eyes and I 'pol'gize. 'Scuse me." Then he discovered the man who occupied two seats and, reaching forward, touched him on the shoulder with the remark: "Seems to me, 'scuse me, that you're taking up more room 'n a gentleman ought to when ladies are standing up. Just sort of contren—contr—funny I can't say that word—con-concentrate yourself and let some one sit down."

The man in the seat glared at the owner of the jag, and then, as he unwillingly moved along, growled: "You are a disgrace, sir, to mankind. You are a drunken beast, and you ought not to be permitted to ride with decent people. You are offensively drunk, sir!"

"Tha's olright, olright," replied the young man as he doffed his hat and assisted a lady with her arms full of bundles to a seat. "I know I've got a comfable jag on but I'll get over that olright. Tha's where I got the 'vantag of you, sir. You're a hog, sir, disgraceful swine; tha's what you are, and you won't get over it. Tha's where I got the 'vantage of you. 'Scuse me."

And then there was a violent silence, broken now and then by smiles from the lady passengers.—Chicago Tribune.

OVER THE SODA.

The Sweet Nothings Heard by the Dispenser of Drugs.

"It's my turn," she said at the soda counter, taking out a little purse.

"No, it's mine," said her friend, rummaging in her pocket where she found a small shabby pocketbook; "what will you take?"

"What you do."

"Then I'll have soda'n cream."

"So'll I."

"Two sodas'n cream, please," to the drug clerk. "Oh, wait a minute. Wouldn't you rather have ginger ale, Min?"

"No, dear, unless you do."

"Hum-m-m. Lemme see. I b'lieve I'd ruther."

"Then I'll have the ginger ale, too."

So the druggist, who had been standing with the two empty glasses in his hand, turned to draw the ginger ale.

"I don't know. Ginger ale sometimes makes my head ache. S'pose we take chocolate soda, Min?"

"All right, dear. That will be nice."

Then they chattered like young magpies.

"Is there a black spot on my face, Lil?"

"No, Min. You look lovely, but I know I'm looking a fright."

"You sweet thing, you never looked better in your life. That one-spot veil is so becoming."

"But you manage your spot so much better. Mine gets in my eye."

"Here's our chocolate. Now put up your purse. This is my treat."

"Well, if you won't let me, but I really ought," etc., etc.

There is a gurgling silence, and another dime has been squandered.—Detroit Free Press.

She Said It.

The modern system of advertising makes the public familiar with the names, and in some cases, with the countenances of inventors and manufacturers; and so strong is the power of association that, on meeting one of these much-advertised persons as a private individual, it is difficult for some persons to refrain from asking him instantly about the article to which his features seem to be only a sort of trade-mark.

A lady who was making an evening call met a man by the name of Brown, who had invented an improved button-hole-making attachment for a well-known sewing-machine, and whose name, preceded by a hideous caricature of his face, had been omnipresent in the advertisements for some time. He had two charming daughters whom the lady had seen, not long before, and with whom she had been greatly pleased. During the entire call, she had succeeded in addressing Mr. Brown by his rightful name only by great mental exertions, as another word was constantly trembling on the lips. At last he rose to go, and with a sigh of relief she heard his "good evening," to which she responded with her sweetest smile, and added, "Please remember me kindly to the Misses Buttonhole!"—Youth's Companion.

The Sort That Pays.

Editor—What's this? Poetry? Get out of here, or I'll——"

—Stranger—I'm not a poet, I'm a rhymester.

Editor—Oh! Sit down.

Stranger—I sling slang.

Editor—Have a cigar.—N. W. Weekly.

Hard On Curls.

"Feminine finery is always on top," said Bangle."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, even in wet weather the ladies have their tempers ruffled."—Munsey's Weekly.

No Need to Interfere.

Excited Lady—Why don't you interfere to stop that dog fight?

Bystander—I was just aguin' to, mum; but you kin calm y'r fears now. My dog is on top at last mum.—Good News.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Louise Michel has started a school in London, where she gives free instructions to forty poor children.

—Ex-Gov. Evans, of Colorado, has presented the university of Denver with $100,000 for its further endowment.

—After long opposition on the part of the vestry, the electric light has finally been introduced into old Trinity church, New York city.

—The shah of Persia recently visited the residence of the American missionaries in Teheran, the first time he had ever honored any foreigners there, and was delighted with the housekeeping, and especially with the artesian well which they sunk.

—In 1804 there were thirty-five translations of the Scriptures in existence; since the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society in that year, ten millions of money have been expended in the work of circulating the Bible, and there are now nearly 300 translations of the Scriptures.

—It pays to do every thing well, because one thing done well is a part doing of the next thing that we would not do otherwise than well. "Play always as if a master were listening," said Schumann, himself a musical master, who knew whereof he advised. If the doing of one thing is, in effect, the preparation for, and part doing of another, then it were well to perform any part always as if the Master were listening, because, if the Master is ever to listen, He is, in effect, listening always. —Sunday School Times.

—The life of Christ is the exhaustless fountain whence the preacher is to draw his supplies for pulpit and pastoral work. Paul was wise in his determination to "know nothing among you but Christ." Peter was wise in his exhortation to "grow in the knowledge of Christ." The preacher who knows Christ, in the Scripture meaning of that word, has an inexhaustible storehouse from which to draw. If the preaching is Christo-centric, there will never be a lack of fresh gospel themes.—N. O. Christian Advocate.

—It is to be regretted that theological controversy so often degenerates into personal bitterness. Says the Christian Register: "In all such discussion let there be no poisoned arrows; and it is well to remember that David, when he used his sling, did not fill it with mud, but with smooth stones from the brook, and he took aim for the giant's forehead, as if the intellect was the thing he meant to reach." It is hard for most of us to combat what seems erroneous views without dealing a blow now and then at the man who holds them. But if we have the spirit of Christ we will aim to lead our mistaken brother into the light rather than to abuse him for being in darkness.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

—Christian Optimism, if you wish to call it, holds by the inspired assurance that God is working all things together for good to those who love him and who are called according to his purpose. This does not proclaim every thing to be good for everybody, irrespective of character and conduct, as though the universe were a huge machine, impersonal and irresponsible and irresistible, that had somehow got a twist in a happy direction and so went on grinding out happiness for saint and profligate alike, with neither thought nor merit in the operation. But this conception of Christian Optimism does see divine order and holy purpose in the universe, because it sees God as planning, originating, ordaining, directing, effecting all things in fulfillment of His wisdom and love.—Minneapolis Ensign.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—A comic paper is pretty sure to have its wits about it.

—Culture means the perfect and equal development of man on all sides.—John Burroughs.

—How can you expect to get information from a letter when it is not posted? —Yonkers Statesman.

—The clam in high water is happy because his struggle to tide things over has ended.—N. Y. Picayune.

—When you begin to argue with a man and he talks loud, walk off and leave him. You can't convert him.—Galveston News.

—"Humph," murmured the burglar as he read the baseball news over. "It was a safe hit that got me into trouble." —Washington Post.

—The petrified body of a man was found in a well in Iowa the other day. He might be called a well preserved man, anyhow.—Texas Siftings.

—"No, I don't want any lawn-mower," said the man who was anxious to chase the agent away. "What I desire is more lawn."—Washington Post.

—What is the true end of marriage? Why, dear girl, so far as can be learned in this world, we always thought it was death. Do you prefer to try divorce?—Puck.

—A married man should always make it a rule to give his wife an allowance. She always has to make a good many allowances for him, you know.—Somerville Journal.

—He Was Bu'sted.—Hardup—Wish I resembled the weather. Friendly—Why do you wish that? Hardup—You see the weather is liable to change.—Yankee Blade.

—To the young man who doesn't know how to dance dancing never seems so immoral as it does when he sees the girl he likes best of all waltzing around with another young man.—Somerville Journal.

—The growth of grace is like the polishing of metals. There is first an opaque surface; by and by you see a spark darting out, then a strong light, till at length it sends back a perfect image of the sun that shines upon it.

—Mrs. Mangle (to hotel clerk)—"If a package comes for me from the dressmakers, just pay it and charge it up to sundries in my husband's bill. Clerk—"Certainly, madam; but—er—don't you think he might be suspicious?" Mrs. Mangle (thoughtfully)—"Well, there is something to that. I guess after all you had better charge it up to his legal account."—Cloak Review.